

THE
FEMALE FACTION:

OR, THE
GAY Subscribers.

A
POEM.

Quò Virtus tua te vocat, i pede fausto.

HOR.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. ROBERTS, near the *Oxford-Arms*, in *Warwick-Lane* ; and Sold by the Bookfellers of *London* and *Westminster*.
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T H E
FEMALE FACTION:
O R, T H E
G A Y S U B S C R I B E R S.

D'ANVERS! no more in Weekly Libels deal,
And plot the Ruin of the Common-Weal;
No more attempt the Vulgar to seduce,
But sign with *W*— and thy *K*— a Truce!
Bid thy CABAL th' unequal War decline,
And see a *brighter, stronger* FACTION shine.

Scandal in *Prose* too grossly is convey'd,
And Satire's dull, without *Poetick* Aid:
A BARD, as bulky in Renown, as Size,
With generous Labour that Defect supplies;
For Wit, and Polghancy, the Palm demands,
And takes the dang'rous Drudgery from thy Hands.

Nor

Nor think *his* Genius humble as *thy own* ;
 He writes not for the *Rabble's* Praise alone ;
 Against the *C—rt* his Pen he dauntless draws,
 And bids the foremost *There*, spouse his Cause.

Deny'd Admission, on the Stage in vain,
 MACHEATH shall still invite the Town again ;
 The bold *State-Felon* be at full display'd,
 Thro' BEAUTY's Sanction, and the *Printer's* Aid.

Thrice happy Poet ! whose unrivall'd Lays
 Can *Hosts* of LADIES in thy Quarrel raise :
 For Thee, their Features do they cease to prize,
 And lose in Rage the Lustre of their Eyes ?
 On thy blest Lot, accept, without Disdain,
 A Brother Bard's congratulating Strain.
 Of thy *fair Friends* the Noblest let me name,
 To Thine, and to their own Immortal Fame.

First in thy List does great *Almeria* stand,
 And deal her Favours with a lavish Hand ?
 Her *bury'd Bard's* Resemblance does she see,
 And think, *Alphonso* still survives in Thee ?

Grateful

Grateful, the generous Patronage repay,
 And shew, she errs not, when she smiles on G—;
 Equal to *His*, thy *Talents* boldly prove,
 Like *Him* that you can write, like *Him*, can love:
 Charm'd with *such* *Worth*, at ev'ry Tye she'll strike,
 And view her H—d, and the C—rt alike,
 Treat *his* vast MERITS with *polite* Neglect,
 And let him only have the *World's* Respect.

But would'st Thou most oblige her, vent thy Rage
 On *Clodia*, broke with the Disease of Age,
 Who, trembling at fell Death's approaching Pain,
 On hoarded Millions calls for Aid in vain;
 Add to her *latest* Pangs, and let her know,
Almeria to the Grave persists her Foe.

The gay *Amanda* let us now behold,
 In thy Defence, a lovely, *banish'd* Scold;
 What tributary Numbers can thy Muse,
 To this bright Championess of Wit refuse?
 To Her, who greatly Empire's Frowns defies,
 And bids her *late* *Disgrace* new point her Eyes;
 Who makes her *tender* L—d her Quarrel join,
 And the fair Honours of his P—t resign,

To let thy Foes her Soul's high Temper see,
 That holds no Sacrifice too rich, for *THEE*?
 Paint her each Beauty o'er and o'er again,
 Strong as when first she charm'd in *P*—'s Strain,
 When kind *Mamma* indulg'd her *Heart's Desire*,
And then, as now, she set the World on Fire.

These two *Chief Leading Heroines* let us leave,
 And note, what *others* to thy Party cleave;
 On chaste *Calista* let us cast our Eye,
 By *Their* Example, *Thine*, and *Wit's* Ally;
Calista, hard Misfortune! scarcely wed,
 But barr'd the Comforts of the Nuptial Bed;
 To *Crassus* dull, in vain her Merits shine,
 Rival'd too strongly *There*, by *Dice* and *Wine*.
 Could *Orpheus* Rocks and Trees by Musick move?
 Like *His*, the Magick of thy Numbers prove;
 In just Return, compassionate her Case,
 Work a new Miracle: ——— reclaim his ———

Nor, unrecorded in thy grateful Strain,
 Let Maiden *Flavia* be thy Friend in vain;
 Warm'd with her *Kindred's* Fondness for thy Lays,
 Full largely let her share her *Kindred's* Praise.

Let

Let next a *married Pair* thy Thanks demand,
 (*Esponsals happy!*) peerless thro' the Land;
 In Female Softness, equal, and the same,
A single Concord in a Double Name:
Florio, and *Clara*; with such Justness ty'd,
 The *Bridegroom's* scarce distinguish'd from the *Bride*:
 A smiling Scene of Unity, their Life,
 The *Wife* the *Husband*, and the *Husband, Wife*.
Florio, regardless of his Rank, can rate
 A *Fidler's* Judgment worth his whole Estate;
Clara, by *Florio* not to be surpass'd,
 Professes for the FIDDLE equal Taste.
 Well are they thank'd, if G—! thy Numbers drew
 Sexes so blended, Harmony so true.

Here let me pause: The *Foremost* have I nam'd
 Of *Those*, who ev'ry Poet's Tribute claim'd;
 For future Mention will I leave in Store,
Sophronia, Celia, and thy *Hundreds* more;
 And as I, first, a *Brother*, and a *Friend*,
 Began my Theme, congratulating end.

Did *Grecian Cities* war for HOMER dead,
 Thro' which, the *living* HOMER begg'd his Bread?

Did *each* the Merit of his Birth-place boast,
 And strive, his Ashes which should worship most?
 Did *Golden Columns* bear his Laurell'd Name,
 And *Altars* rise to his Immortal Fame?
 Were such the Glories sacred Verse obtain'd?
 Such the Rewards the PRINCE of POETS gain'd?
 By Thee, unenvy'd, let the *Grecian* shine;
 And deem his Lot unequal still to Thine.
 What Monumental Structures feast the Eyes
 Of Those, in Mem'ry of whose Worth they rise?
 When once we've felt the Iron Dart of Fate,
 Encomiums lose their Sweet; and come too late;
 Of Life's fair Deeds small Recompence we have
 From Praises only lavish'd on the Grave.
 Then G—! all future Trophies wisely scorn,
 And Glory, Thou'rt to present STATUES born;
 By Nations deify'd be HOMER'S Shade;
 He smiles unconscious of the Honours paid:
 Thy Works, whilst *Here*, sublimest Columns rise,
 From Woman's Bounty, and from Woman's Praise;
 The *brightest Sex* Thy Worth in Reverence hold,
 And load Thee *living*, with *Renown* and *Gold*.

F I N I S